Accessions
160.023

Shelf No.
G. 39 57.38

Barton Library.

Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received 1 May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.

A

# CATALOGUE

OF

# THE PICTURES

IN THE

# *SHAKSPEARE GALLERY*

PALL-MALL.

---

*LONDON:*
SOLD AT THE PLACE OF EXHIBITION.
M DCC LXXXIX.

G 3951
38

159.023
May, 1873

# ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Painter's Name, with the Act and Scene of each Play, being marked upon the Frames of the Pictures, a Catalogue ſeems ſuperfluous—But as it has been ſuggeſted, that it would be agreeable to ſome Subſcribers, to have ſo much of each Scene printed, as would tend to elucidate the Subject of the Picture, with the point of Time choſen by the Painter marked in *Italicks*—This has been accordingly done, for thoſe who think it neceſſary, at the ſmalleſt poſſible Expence.

Several of the Shakſpeare Pictures, that were expected this Seaſon, not being yet come to Hand, the following Pictures, unconnected with the preſent Work, have been placed in that Part of the Gallery now open, for the Sake of Uniformity of Appearance.

I. Portrait of G. A. ELLIOT, LORD HEATHFIELD. By Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

II. Defence of Gibraltar againſt Spain and France, on the 13th Sept. 1782. Painted by Mr. Paton.

III. Ditto on the Night between the 13th and 14th Sept. By Mr. Paton.

IV. Ditto on the Morning of the 14th Sept. By Mr. Paton.

V. The Relief of Gibraltar, 11th of October, by the Britiſh Fleet. By Mr. Paton.

VI. Death of DAVID RIZZIO. By Mr. Opie.

VII. ELIJAH raiſing the Widow's Son. By Mr. Northcote.

The above ſeven Pictures are all engraved except the two laſt, which are in great forwardneſs.

---

N. B. As the Number of SUBSCRIBERS to the SHAKSPEARE muſt be limited, it is recommended to thoſe, who have any deſign of becoming Subſcribers, to be as early as poſſible in their Application.

*Just Published,*

Price to Subscribers, Two Guineas,

Number XIV. of

THE PRINTS from the HOUGHTON COLLECTION of PICTURES, now in the Possession of the EMPRESS of RUSSIA.

This Number, which completes the Work, contains, besides the Letter-Press Descriptions—Frontispieces—Title-Pages—and Vignettes, Designed by Cipriani, and Engraved by Bartolozzi——TWELVE PRINTS, after PARMIGIANO, FIL. LAURI, SALVATOR ROSA, C. MARATTI, L. GIORDANO, N. POUSSIN, VANDYKE, and Sir P. LELY.

☞ Fine Impressions of the whole Collection may now be had, in two large Volumes, Price in Sheets, Thirty Guineas, of John and Josiah Boydell, at The Shakspeare Gallery, Pall-Mall, and at No. 90, Cheapside.

---

*Speedily will be Completed,*

A COLLECTION of FIFTY PRINTS, after the Sketches and Drawings of the late celebrated GIOVANNI BATTISTA CIPRIANI, Esq. R. A. Engraved by Mr. RICHARD EARLOM, in Imitation of the different Manners of the Artist. Price 4*l.* 4*s.*

N. B. The greatest Part of them are already executed, and may be seen as above.

MAY 1, 1789.

# *SHAKSPEARE GALLERY, PALLMALL.*

---

MR. ALDERMAN BOYDELL, JOSIAH BOYDELL AND GEORGE NICOL,

PROPOSE TO PUBLISH BY SUBSCRIPTION

A MOST MAGNIFICENT AND ACCURATE EDITION

OF THE

## PLAYS OF SHAKSPEARE,

IN NINE VOLUMES

Of the largeſt QUARTO SIZE, on the fineſt ROYAL ATLAS PAPER, fabricated for that Purpoſe by Mr. WHATMAN.

And Printed with TYPES caſt in the Proprietors' Houſe, upon a Principle calculated to unite Beauty with Utility.

The TEXT to be regulated, and the LITERARY PART of the Undertaking conducted,

By GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQ.

---

TO ACCOMPANY THIS WORK

## MESSIEURS BOYDELL

INTEND TO PUBLISH

A SERIES OF LARGE AND CAPITAL PRINTS,

After PICTURES painted by the following ARTISTS, from the moſt ſtriking Scenes of SHAKSPEARE:

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, Portrait-Painter to his MAJESTY, and Preſident of the Royal Academy,

ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, R. A.
Mr. BARRY, R. A. Profeſſor of Painting to the Royal Academy.
Mr. JOSIAH BOYDELL.
Mr. COPLEY, R. A.
Mr. DOWNMAN.
Mr. DURNO.
Mr. FUSELI.
Mr. HAMILTON, R. A.
Mr. KIRK.
Mr. MILLER.
Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.
Mr. OPIE, R. A.
Rev. W. PETERS, R. A.
Mr. RIGAUD, R. A.
Mr. ROMNEY.
Mr. SMIRK.
Mr. WEST, R. A. Hiſtory-Painter to his MAJESTY.
Mr. RAPHAEL WEST.
Mr. WRIGHT, &c. &c.

TO BE ENGRAVED BY

Miſs CAROLINE WATSON.
Mr. BARTOLOZZI, R.A. Hiſtorical Engraver to his MAJESTY.
Mr. COLLIER, A.
Mr. EARLOM.
Meſſ. FACIUS.
Mr. FITTLER, Marine Engraver to his MAJESTY.
Mr. HALL.
Mr. HAWARD, A.
Mr. HEATH.
Mr. LEGATT.
Mr. MICHEL.
Mr. OGBORNE.
Mr. RYDER.
Mr. SHARPE.
Mr. SIMON.
Mr. A. SMITH.
Mr. THEW.
Mr. TROTTER, &c. &c.

The PICTURES will be of various Sizes, many as large as Life.

As faſt as they are finiſhed, and at Liberty from the Engraver, they will be hung up in the GALLERY, which has been built on Purpoſe to receive them—into which the Proprietors mean to give the Subſcribers *Perpetual Free Admiſſion*

# CONDITIONS.

I. SEVENTY-TWO Scenes will be painted (perhaps more) being two appropriated to each of the Plays of SHAKSPEARE.—As, however, ſome of them exhibit more intereſting Subjects than others, the Plates will be given without Regard to any certain Number for each Drama.

II. The Whole to be publiſhed in Numbers, each containing at leaſt, four CAPITAL PRINTS. The Size of the largeſt to be about 19 Inches by 24 long.

III. Beſide the four large Prints each Number will conſiſt of four ſmaller Prints, engraved from the ſame Pictures, of a proper Size to bind up with the Letter-preſs.

IV. The Letter-preſs of each Number will contain two Plays, printed in a Manner, it is hoped, ſuperior to any Thing hitherto executed in this Country, of which a Specimen may now be ſeen.

V. The Price to Subſcribers will be Three Guineas at the Time of ſubſcribing, and Two Guineas on the Delivery of the Number.

VI. On Account of the unexampled Magnificence and Decorations of this Edition of our immortal Author (the Expence of which will conſiderably exceed *One Hundred Thouſand Pounds*) it is expected, that on receiving each Number, the Subſcribers will depoſit three Guineas, as the firſt Payment of the next Number.

VII. To accommodate thoſe who, being contented with their preſent Editions of SHAKSPEARE, would only wiſh to be poſſeſſed of the large Prints—A ſeparate Subſcription is opened, on the following Terms:—For each Number conſiſting of four or more large PRINTS, Two Guineas are to be paid at the Time of ſubſcribing, and One Guinea on Delivery of the Prints.

VIII. And to accommodate thoſe, who only wiſh to have this magnificent Edition of the Text of SHAKSPEARE, with the ſmaller Plates of a proper Size to bind up with it—It is propoſed, that the Subſcription to each Number ſhall be One Guinea at the Time of ſubſcribing, and One Guinea on the Delivery of it.

IX. That one Number, at leaſt, ſhall be publiſhed annually.—The Proprietors hope, nay are confident, they ſhall be enabled to produce two Numbers within the Courſe of every Year, as ſoon as the firſt Number is publiſhed; but do not chooſe to promiſe abſolutely what they may not with Certainty perform.

It may be ſome Satisfaction to the Subſcribers to know, that Forty of the Pictures are nearly finiſhed—Thirty-four of which are now Exhibiting—And that Eighteen of the Plates are in the Hands of the Engravers, ſome of them nearly finiſhed, and moſt of them in great forwardneſs.

# PREFACE.

I Cannot permit this Catalogue to appear before the Public, without returning my ſincere Thanks, to the numerous Subſcribers to this undertaking, who with a liberality and a confidence, unparalleled on any former occaſion, have laid me under the moſt flattering obligations. I hope upon inſpection of what has been done, and is now doing, the Subſcribers will be ſatisfied with the exertions that have been made; and will think that their confidence has not been miſplaced; eſpecially when they conſider the difficulty, that a great undertaking like the preſent has to encounter, in a country where Hiſtorical Painting is ſtill but in its Infancy——To advance that Art towards maturity, and eſtabliſh an *Engliſh School of Hiſtorical Painting*, was the great object of the preſent deſign.

In the courſe of many years endeavours, I flatter myſelf, I have ſomewhat contributed to the eſtabliſhment of an *Engliſh School of Engraving*. Theſe exertions have not been unnoticed at home——But in foreign countries they have been eſtimated, perhaps above their value——When I began the buſineſs of publiſhing and ſelling Prints, all the fine Engravings ſold in England were imported from foreign countries, particularly from France——Happily, the reverſe is now the caſe; for few are imported, and many are exported, to a great annual amount. I mention this circumſtance, becauſe there are of thoſe, who, not putting much value on the advancement of national Taſte, ſtill feel the advantage of promoting the Arts, in a commercial point of view.

I flatter myſelf that the preſent undertaking in that, and many other points of view, will eſſentially ſerve this country. The more objects of attraction and amuſement held out to Foreigners, that may induce them to viſit this Metropolis, the more are our Manufactures promoted, for every

one

one on his return, carries with him ſome ſpecimen of them; and I believe it will be readily granted, that the Manufactures of this country need only be ſeen and compared, to be preferred to thoſe of any other——To the great number of Foreigners who have of late viſited this country, may in ſome degree be attributed the very flouriſhing ſtate of our Commerce; and that great demand for Engliſh Manufactures, which at preſent ſo univerſally prevails all over the Continent.——At leaſt I can with certainty ſay, I feel the effect of this circumſtance, in my own branch of buſineſs.

That the love of the fine Arts is more prevalent abroad, than in this country, cannot be denied; but I ſtill hope to ſee them attain (advanced in years as I am) ſuch a ſtate of perfection in England, that no man in Europe will be entitled to the name of a Connoiſſeur, who has not perſonally witneſſed their rapid progreſs——And that their progreſs has been wonderfully rapid in this country, within theſe twenty years,

the whole world will readily allow.——This progreſs we principally owe to his preſent Majeſty, who, ſenſible of their importance in every point of view, has cultivated the fine Arts, with a ſucceſs, that the annals of no other country, in the ſame ſpace of time, can produce. The enterpriſe and liberality of ſeveral individuals alſo have not been wanting, to contribute to ſo great an end——For my own part, I can with truth ſay, that the Arts have always had my beſt endeavours for their ſucceſs; and my countrymen will I hope give me credit, when I aſſure them, that where I fail'd, I fail'd more from want of Power, than from want of Zeal.

In this progreſs of the fine Arts, though Foreigners have allowed our lately acquired ſuperiority of Engraving, and readily admitted the great Talents of the principal Painters, yet they have ſaid with ſome ſeverity, and I am ſorry to ſay with ſome truth, that the abilities of our beſt Artiſts are chiefly employed in painting Portraits of thoſe, who, in leſs than half a century, will

will be loſt in oblivion—While the nobleſt part of the Art——HISTORICAL PAINTING——is much neglected. To obviate this national Reflection was, as I have already hinted, the principal cauſe of the preſent undertaking. An undertaking, that originated in a private company, where Painting was the ſubject of Converſation——But as ſome ſhort account, of the riſe and progreſs of the whole work, may at a future time be given to the Subſcribers, it is not now neceſſary to ſay, who firſt promulgated the plan—who has promoted it—or who has endeavoured to impede its ſucceſs.——Suffice it to ſay at preſent, that the artiſts, in general, have with an ardour that does them credit, contributed their beſt endeavours, to carry into execution an undertaking, where the national honour, the advancement of the Arts, and their own advantage are equally concerned.

Though I believe it will be readily admitted, that no ſubjects ſeem ſo proper to form an Engliſh School of Hiſtorical Painting, as the Scenes of the immortal Shakſpeare;

ſpeare; yet it muſt be always remembered, that he poſſeſſed powers which no pencil can reach; for ſuch was the force of his creative imagination, that though he frequently goes beyond nature, he ſtill continues to be natural, and ſeems only to do that, which nature would have done, had ſhe o'erſtepp'd her uſual limits—It muſt not then be expected, that the art of the Painter can ever equal the ſublimity of our Poet. The ſtrength of Michael Angelo, united to the grace of Raphael, would here have laboured in vain.——For what pencil can give to his airy beings "a local habitation and a name."

It is therefore hoped, that the ſpectator will view theſe Pictures with this regard, and not allow his imagination, warmed by the magic powers of the Poet, to expect from Painting, what Painting cannot perform.

It is not however meant, to deprecate Criticiſm—Candid Criticiſm is the ſoul of

improvement—and thoſe artiſts, who ſhut their ears againſt it, muſt never expect to improve——At the ſame time, every artiſt ought to deſpiſe and contemn the cavils of Pſeudo-critics, who, rather than not attempt to ſhew their wit, would cruſh all merit in its bud——The diſcerning part of the public, however, place all theſe attempts to the true account—Malignity—But, as the world was never entirely free from ſuch critics, the preſent undertaking muſt expect to have its ſhare.

Of the merits of the Artiſts employed in this Work, I can with truth ſay, that I have ſought for talents, wherever they were to be found, and withſtood all recommendations but thoſe that merit brought. By this means I have offended ſome; but a moment's reflection will, I think, ſhow the propriety of this line of conduct. Upon the merits of the Pictures themſelves, it is not for me to ſpeak; I believe there never was a perfect Picture, in all the three great requiſites of Compoſition, Colouring, and Deſign—It muſt not therefore, be expected, that ſuch a phenomenon

will

will be found here.——This much, however, I will venture to ſay, that in every Picture in the Gallery there is ſomething to be praiſed, and I hope ſufficient marks of merit, to juſtify the lovers of their country, in holding out the foſtering hand of Encouragement to native Genius.—— I therefore flatter myſelf, that the eſtabliſhed Maſters will ſupport and increaſe their former reputation, and that the younger Artiſts will daily improve, under the benign influence of the Public patronage——They all know, that their future fame depends on their preſent exertions: for here the Painter's labours will be perpetually under the public eye, and compared with thoſe of his cotemporaries—while his other works, either locked up in the cabinets of the curious, or diſperſed over the country, in the houſes of the different poſſeſſors, can comparatively contribute but little, to his preſent fortune or future fame.

I muſt again expreſs my hopes, that the Subſcribers will be ſatisfied, with the progreſs

progreſs made in this arduous undertaking, for it is to be conſidered, that works of genius cannot be hurried on, like the operations of a manufactory, and that Engraving, in particular, is a work of very ſlow and laborious progreſs——I confeſs, I am anxious on this ſubject, for I could wiſh the Subſcribers to be convinced, (of what indeed is the fact) that not a moment of time has been loſt.

If it would in the leaſt add to the confidence of the preſent Subſcribers, or of thoſe who intend to become ſo, I could with truth inform them, that notwithſtanding the liberal Subſcription already received, there has been advanced in carrying on this work, nearly a thouſand pounds, for every hundred that has been ſubſcribed——It happens indeed, unavoidably in this undertaking, that the Artiſts employed on the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and ſubſequent numbers, are as far advanced as thoſe employed on the firſt. And it is difficult to retard the one, or accelerate the other——This much, however, the Subſcribers may rely on—That every exertion

will be made, conſiſtent with that excellence that is aimed at, to publiſh the firſt number with all poſſible ſpeed, and that after that, the work will go on uninterruptedly.

I cannot conclude this addreſs, without mentioning the very great aſſiſtance the work receives, from the unwearied exertions of my nephew and partner, Mr. Joſiah Boydell, whoſe knowledge in the elementary parts of Painting, enables him to be of ſingular ſervice in conducting this undertaking——Indeed his Love and Enthuſiaſm for the fine Arts, peculiarly qualify him for the conduct of works of this nature; and without that Love and Enthuſiaſm for the Arts, ſuch an undertaking can never be carried on with becoming ſpirit——His numerous avocations in the management of the various branches of our buſineſs, particularly in making drawings from the pictures, for the moſt capital engravings in our Collection—have not allowed him much time to purſue the practical part of Painting—nevertheleſs, willing to contribute his mite to this great work—(in the management

management of which he has ſo conſiderable a ſhare) he has made an attempt in this line of the Art. Under theſe circumſtances, I hope the public will have the candour to receive his Performance.

The Typographical part of the Work (of which a ſpecimen may now be ſeen) is under the direction of Mr. Nicol, his Majeſty's Bookſeller, whoſe zeal for the improvement of Printing in this country is well known——The Types, &c. are made in his own houſe—and I flatter myſelf, that, with the aſſiſtance he has, in the various branches, upon which the Beauty of Printing depends, he will be able to contribute ſomething towards reſtoring the reputation of this country, in that moſt uſeful art——At preſent, indeed, to our diſgrace be it ſpoken, we are far behind every neighbouring nation, many of whom have lately brought the Art of Printing to great perfection.——In his preſent endeavour, he has had the aſſiſtance and advice of ſome gentlemen, who, were I at liberty to mention their names, would do him honour, and the undertaking credit.

The Public are so well acquainted with the merits of Mr. Steevens, in elucidating the text of our author, that it would be impertinent in me to say a syllable on this part of the subject——I cannot, however, omit mentioning the readiness he has always shown, to contribute his labours to this national Edition of the Works of Shakspeare.

*Shakspeare Gallery.*
*May* 1, 1789.

JOHN BOYDELL.

# PICTURES

IN THE

# SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

## No. I.

## TEMPEST.

### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Proſpero's Cell.*

*Proſpero, Ferdinand, Miranda, A Maſque, exhibiting Iris, Ceres, Juno, Nymphs, Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano, at a diſtance.*

Painted by Mr. WRIGHT, of Derby.

*Fer.* This is a moſt majeſtic viſion, and
Harmoniouſly charming: May I be bold
To think theſe ſpirits?
*Pro.* Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies.
*Fer.* Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradiſe.
*Pro.* Sweet now, ſilence:
Juno, and Ceres, whiſper ſeriouſly;



There's

There's ſomething elſe to do: huſh, and be mute,
Or elſe our ſpell is marr'd.

[*Juno and Ceres whiſper, and ſend Iris on employment.*]

*Iris.* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring brooks,
With your ſedg'd crowns, and ever harmleſs looks,
Leave your criſp channels, and on this green land
Anſwer your ſummons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

You ſun-burn'd ſicklemen, of Auguſt weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Proſpero ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks; after which, to a ſtrange, hollow, and confuſed noiſe, they heavily vaniſh.*

Pro. [Aſide.] *I had forgot that foul conſpiracy*
*Of the beaſt Caliban, and his confederates,*
*Againſt my life; the minute of their plot*
*Is almoſt come.*—[To the Spirits.] *Well done;—avoid;—no more.*

*Fer.* This is ſtrange: your father's in ſome paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.
*Mira.* Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger ſo diſtemper'd.
*Pro.* You do look my ſon, in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmay'd: be cheerful, ſir:
Our revels now are ended: theſe our actors,

As

As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep.——Sir, I am vexed;
Bear with my weakneſs; my old brain is troubled:
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmity:
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repoſe; a turn or two I'll walk,
To ſtill my beating mind.

*Fer. Mira.* We wiſh your peace.

# No. II.

# MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Before Page's houſe.*

*Miſtreſs Page with a letter, Mrs. Ford with another.*

Painted by Rev. Mr. PETERS, R. A.

---

*Mrs. Page.* What, have I 'ſcap'd love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubject for them? Let me ſee:

*Aſk me no reaſon why I love you; for though love uſe reaſon for his preciſian, he admits him not for his counſellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's ſympathy: you are merry, ſo am I; Ha! ha! then, there's more ſympathy: you love ſack, and ſo do I; Would you deſire better ſympathy? let it ſuffice thee, miſtreſs Page, (at the leaſt, if the love of a ſoldier can ſuffice,) that I love thee. I will not ſay, pity me; 'tis not a ſoldier-like phraſe: but I ſay, love me. By me,*

*Thine own true knight,*
*By day or night,*
*Or any kind of light,*
*With all his might,*
*For thee to fight.* John Falſtaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to ſhew himſelf a young gallant!

What an unweigh'd behaviour has this Flemiſh drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What ſhould I ſay to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—Heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How ſhall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

*Enter Miſtreſs Ford.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Miſtreſs Page! truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

*Mrs. Page.* And truſt me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to ſhew to the contrary.

*Mrs. Page.* 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, I do then; yet, I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O miſtreſs Page, give me ſome counſel!

*Mrs. Page.* What's the matter, woman?

*Mrs. Ford.* O woman, if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour!

*Mrs. Page.* Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—diſpenſe with trifles;—what is it?

*Mrs. Ford.* If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or ſo, I could be knighted.

*Mrs. Page.* What?—thou lieſt!—Sir Alice Ford!—Theſe knights will hack; and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.

*Mrs. Ford.* We burn day-light:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I ſhall think the worſe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not ſwear; prais'd women's modeſty; and gave ſuch orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his diſpoſi-

tion

tion would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth pſalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempeſt, I trow, threw this whale, with ſo many tuns of oil in his belly, aſhore at Windſor? How ſhall I be revenged on him? I think, the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of luſt have melted him in his own greaſe.—Did you ever hear the like?

*Mrs. Page.* Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs?—To thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit firſt; for, I proteſt, mine never ſhall. I warrant, he hath a thouſand of theſe letters, writ with blank ſpace for different names, (ſure more) and theſe are of the ſecond edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the preſs, when he would put us two. I had rather be a gianteſs, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious turtles, ere one chaſte man.

Mrs. Ford. *Why, this is the very ſame; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?*

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, I know not: It makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty.—

# No. III.

# MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

*Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius, Sir Hugh Evans, Falſtaff, as the old woman of Brentford. Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Page.*

## Painted by Mr. DURNO.

---

*Ford.* Ay, but if it prove true, maſter Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the baſket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—You, youth in a baſket!—O, you panderly raſcals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conſpiracy, againſt me: Now ſhall the devil be ſham'd. What! wife, I ſay! come, come forth; behold what honeſt clothes you ſend forth to bleaching.

*Page.* Why, this paſſes! maſter Ford, you are not to go looſe any longer; you muſt be pinion'd.

*Eva.* Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

*Shal.* Indeed, maſter Ford, this is not well; indeed.

*Enter Mrs. Ford.*

*Ford.* So ſay I too, ſir.—Come hither, miſtreſs Ford;—miſtreſs Ford, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her huſband!—I ſuſpect without cauſe, miſtreſs, do I?

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven be my witneſs, you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

*Ford.*

*Ford.* Well ſaid, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, ſirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the baſket.*

*Page.* This paſſes.

*Mrs. Ford.* Are you not aſham'd? Let the clothes alone.

*Ford.* I ſhall find you anon.

*Eva.* 'Tis unreaſonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? come away.

*Ford.* Empty the baſket, I ſay.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, man, why,—

*Ford.* Maſter Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this baſket; Why may not he be there again? In my houſe I am ſure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealouſy is reaſonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

*Mrs. Ford.* If you find a man there, he ſhall die a flea's death.

*Page.* Here's no man.

*Shal.* By my fidelity, this is not well, maſter Ford; this wrongs you.

*Eva.* Maſter Ford, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealouſies.

*Ford.* Well, he's not here I ſeek for.

*Page.* No, nor no where elſe, but in your brain.

*Ford.* Help to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeek, ſhew no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-ſport; let them ſay of me, As jealous as Ford, that ſearch'd a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more, once more ſearch with me.

*Mrs. Ford.* What hoa, miſtreſs Page! come, you and the old woman down; my huſband will come to the chamber.

*Ford.* Old woman! what old woman's that?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

*Ford.* A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my houſe? She comes of errands,

errands, does ſhe? We are ſimple men; we do not know what's brought to paſs under the profeſſion of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by ſpells, by the figure, and ſuch daubery as this: beyond our element: we know nothing.——Come down, you witch; you hag, you, come down, I ſay.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, good, ſweet huſband;—good gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old woman.

*Enter Falſtaff in women's clothes, led by Mrs. Page.*

*Mrs. Page.* Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. *I'll prat her:—Out of my doors, you witch!* [Beats him.] *you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.* [Exit Fal.

*Mrs. Page.* Are you not aſham'd? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

*Ford.* Hang her, witch!

*Eva.* By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'omans has a great peard; I ſpy a great peard under her muffler.

*Ford.* Will you follow, gentlemen? I beſeech you, follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never truſt me when I open again.

*Page.* Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

# No. IV.

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Duke in a Friar's habit, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Eſcalus, Lucio, and Citizens. Iſabella, Peter, Mariana, and Provoſt, &c.*

## Painted by Mr. KIRK.

---

*Eſcal.* I will go darkly to work with her.

*Lucio.* That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

*Eſcal.* Come on, miſtreſs; here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have ſaid.

*Lucio.* My lord, here comes the raſcal I ſpoke of; here with the provoſt.

*Eſcal.* In very good time:—ſpeak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

*Lucio.* Mum.

*Eſcal.* Come, ſir; Did you ſet theſe women on to ſlander lord Angelo? they have confeſs'd you did.

*Duke.* 'Tis falſe.

*Eſcal.* How! know you where you are?

*Duke.* Reſpect to your great place! and let the devil
Be ſometime honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 'tis he ſhould hear me ſpeak.

*Eſcal.* The duke's in us; and we will hear you ſpeak:
Look you ſpeak juſtly.

*Duke.* Boldly, at leaſt:—But, O, poor ſouls,
Come you to ſeek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redreſs: Is the duke gone?
Then is your cauſe gone too. The duke's unjuſt,
Thus to retort your manifeſt appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuſe.

*Lucio.* This is the raſcal; this is he I ſpoke of.

*Eſcal.* Why thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough, thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women
To accuſe this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witneſs of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himſelf,
To tax him with injuſtice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—We'll touze you joint by joint,
But we will know this purpoſe:—What? unjuſt?

*Duke.* Be not ſo hot; the duke
Dare no more ſtretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his ſubject I am not,
Nor here provincial: My buſineſs in this ſtate
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have ſeen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the ſtew: laws, for all faults;
But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong ſtatutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop,
As much in mock as mark.

*Eſcal.* Slander to the ſtate! Away with him to priſon.

*Ang.* What can you vouch againſt him, ſignior Lucio?
Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

*Lucio.* 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate: Do you know me?

*Duke.* I remember you, ſir, by the ſound of your voice: I met you at the priſon, in the abſence of the duke.

*Lucio.* O did you ſo? And do you remember what you ſaid of the duke?

*Duke.* Moſt notedly, ſir.

*Lucio.* Do you ſo, ſir? And was the duke a fleſh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

*Duke.* You muſt, ſir, change perſons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, ſpoke ſo of him; and much more, much worſe.

*Lucio.* O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the noſe, for thy ſpeeches?

*Duke.* I proteſt, I love the duke as I love myſelf.

*Ang.* Hark! how the villain would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Eſcal. *Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: Away with him to priſon:—Where is the provoſt?—Away with him to priſon; lay bolts enough upon him: let him ſpeak no more:—away with thoſe giglots too, and with the other confederate companion.*

[The Provoſt lays hands on the Duke.

Duke. *Stay, ſir; ſtay awhile.*

Ang. *What! reſiſts he? Help him, Lucio.*

Lucio. *Come, ſir; come, ſir; come, ſir; foh, ſir: Why, you bald-pated, lying raſcal! you muſt be hooded, muſt you? ſhow your knave's viſage, with a pox to you! ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?*

[Pulls off the friar's hood, and diſcovers the Duke.

Duke. *Thou art the firſt knave that e'er mad'ſt a duke.——*

*Firſt, provoſt, let me bail theſe gentle three:——*
*Sneak not away, ſir;* [to Lucio] *for the friar and you*
*Muſt have a word anon:—lay hold on him.*

*Lucio.* This may prove worſe than hanging.

*Duke.*

*Duke.* What you have ſpoke, I pardon; ſit you down.—— [*To Eſcalus.*

We'll borrow place of him:——Sir, by your leave: [*To Angelo.*

Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou haſt,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* O my dread lord,
I ſhould be guiltier than my guiltineſs,
To think I can be undiſcernable,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my paſſes: Then, good prince,
No longer ſeſſion hold upon my ſhame,
But let my trial be mine own confeſſion;
Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

*Duke.* Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, waſt thou e'er contracted with this woman?

*Ang.* I was, my lord.

*Duke.* Go take her hence, and marry her inſtantly:—
Do you the office, friar; which conſummate,
Return him here again:—Go with him, provoſt.

## No. V.

# COMEDY OF ERRORS.

### ACT V. SCENE I.

*A ſtreet before the Priory.*

*Merchant, Angelo, Lady Abbeſs, Adriana, Courtezan, Duke, Ægeon, Antipholis and Dromio of Syracuſe, Antipholis and Dromio of Epheſus, Headſman, &c.*

## Painted by Mr. RIGAUD, R. A.

---

*Ægeon.* Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue,
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory,
My waſting lamps ſome fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes, (I cannot err)
Tell me thou art my ſon Antipholis.

*E. Ant.* I never ſaw my father in my life.

*Ægeon.* But ſeven years ſince, in Syracuſa, boy,
Thou knoweſt, we parted: but, perhaps, my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt to acknowledge me in miſery.

*E. Ant.* The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo;
I ne'er ſaw Syracuſa in my life.

*Duke.*

*Duke.* I tell thee Syracuſan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholis,
During which time he ne'er ſaw Syracuſa:
I ſee thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbeſs, with Antipholis Syracuſan and Dromio Syracuſan.*

Abb. *Moſt mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.*
[All gather to ſee him.

Adr. *I ſee two huſbands, or mine eyes deceive me.*

Duke. *One of theſe men is Genius to the other;*
*And ſo of theſe: which is the natural man,*
*And which the ſpirit? who deciphers them?*

S. Dro. *I, ſir, am Dromio, command him away.*

E. Dro. *I, ſir, am Dromio; pray, let me ſtay.*

S. Ant. *Ægeon, art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt?*

S. Dro. *O, my old maſter! who hath bound him here?*

*Abb.* Whoever bound him, I will looſe his bonds,
And gain a huſband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'ſt the man
That had'ſt a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair ſons?
O, if thou be'ſt the ſame Ægeon, ſpeak,
And ſpeak unto the ſame Æmilia!

*Duke.* Why, here begins this morning ſtory right:
Theſe two Antipholis's, theſe two ſo like,
And theſe two Dromio's, one in ſemblance,—
Beſides her urging of her wreck at ſea,—
Theſe are the parents to theſe children,
Which accidentally are met together.

*Ægeon.* If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art ſhe, tell me, where is that ſon
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

*Abb.* By men of Epidamnum, he and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fiſhermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my ſon from them,

And

And me they left with thoſe of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.

*Duke.* Antipholis, thou cam'ſt from Corinth firſt.

*E. Ant.* No, ſir, not I; I came from Syracuſe.

*Duke.* Stay, ſtand apart; I know not which is which.

*E. Ant.* I came from Corinth, my moſt gracious lord.

*E. Dro.* And I with him.

*E. Ant.* Brought to this town by that moſt famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your moſt renowned uncle.

*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

*S. Ant.* I gentle miſtreſs.

*Adr.* And are you not my huſband?

*E. Ant.* No, I ſay nay to that.

*S. Ant.* And ſo do I, yet ſhe did call me ſo;
And this fair gentlewoman, her ſiſter here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope I ſhall have leiſure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I ſee, and hear.

*Ang.* That is the chain, ſir, which you had of me.

*S. Ant.* I think it be, ſir; I deny it not.

*E. Ant.* And you, ſir, for this chain arreſted me.

*Ang.* I think I did, ſir; I deny it not.

*Adr.* I ſent you money, ſir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

*S. Dro.* No, none by me.

*S. Ant.* This purſe of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man, did bring them me:
I ſee, we ſtill did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe Errors are aroſe.

*E. Ant.* Theſe ducats pawn I for my father here.

*Duke.* It ſhall not need, thy father has his life.

*Cour.* Sir, I muſt have that diamond from you.

*E. Ant.* There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

# No. VI.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

### ACT. III. SCENE I.

*An Orchard.*

*Hero, Urſula, and Beatrice.*

## Painted by Rev. Mr. PETERS, R. A.

---

*Enter Hero, Margaret, and Urſula.*

*Hero.* Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour;
There thou ſhalt find my couſin Beatrice
Propoſing with the Prince and Claudio:
Whiſper her ear, and tell her, I and Urſula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her; ſay, that thou overheard'ſt us;
And bid her ſteal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-ſuckles, ripen'd by the ſun,
Forbid the ſun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Againſt that power that bred it:—there will ſhe hide her
To liſten our propoſe: This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

*Marg.* I'll make her come, I warrant you, preſently. [*Exit.*

*Hero.* Now, Urſula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk muſt only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praiſe him more than ever man did merit:

My talk to thee muſt be, how Benedick
Is ſick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-ſay. Now begin.

*Enter Beatrice behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Cloſe by the ground, to hear our conference.

*Urſ.* The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. *Then go we near her, that her ear loſe nothing*
*Of the falſe ſweet bait that we lay for it.*—
[They advance to the bower.
*No, truly, Urſula, ſhe is too diſdainful;*
*I know, her ſpirits are as coy and wild*
*As haggards of the rock.*

Urſ. *But are you ſure,*
*That Benedick loves Beatrice ſo entirely?*

*Hero.* So ſays the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

*Urſ.* And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

*Hero.* They did intreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I perſuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wiſh him wreſtle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

*Urſ.* Why did you ſo? Doth not the gentleman
Deſerve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice ſhall couch upon?

*Hero.* O God of love! I know he doth deſerve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of Beatrice:
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſprifing what they look on; and her wit

Values

Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak: ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf-endeared.

*Urſ.* Sure, I think ſo;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.

*Hero.* Why, you ſpeak truth: I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward: if fair-fac'd,
She'd ſwear, the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agat very vilely cut:
If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If ſilent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.

*Urſ.* Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.

*Hero.* No; not to be ſo odd, and from all faſhions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her ſo? If I ſhould ſpeak,
She'd mock me into air; O, ſhe would laugh me
Out of myſelf, preſs me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Conſume away in ſighs, waſte inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

*Urſ.* Yet tell her of it; hear what ſhe will ſay.

*Hero.* No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion:
And, truly, I'll deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders
To ſtain my couſin with. One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoiſon liking.

*Urſ.* O, do not do your couſin ſuch a wrong.
She cannot be ſo much without true judgment,
(Having ſo ſwift and excellent a wit,

As ſhe is priz'd to have) as to refuſe
So rare a gentleman as ſignior Benedick.
*Hero.* He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
*Urſ.* I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; ſignior Benedick,
For ſhape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremoſt in report through Italy.
*Hero.* Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
*Urſ.* His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you marry'd, madam?
*Hero.* Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go in,
I'll ſhew thee ſome attires; and have thy counſel,
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to-morrow.
*Urſ.* She's lim'd I warrant you; we have caught
her, madam.

# No. VII.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Church.*

*Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.*

## Painted by Mr. HAMILTON, R. A.

---

*Claud.* Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
*Leon.* All this is ſo; But what of this, my lord?
*Claud.* Let me but move one queſtion to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.
*Leon.* I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child.
*Hero.* O God defend me! how I am beſet!—
What kind of catechizing call you this?
*Claud.* To make you anſwer truly to your name.
*Hero.* Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any juſt reproach?
*Claud.* Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itſelf can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yeſternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, anſwer to this.
*Hero.* I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
*Pedro.* Why, then you are no maiden.—Leonato,
I am ſorry, you muſt hear; Upon mine honour,

Myſelf, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did ſee her, hear her, at that hour laſt night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who, hath, indeed, moſt like a liberal villain,
Confeſs'd the vile encounters they have had
A thouſand times in ſecret.

*John.* Fie, fie! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be ſpoke of;
There is not chaſtity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am ſorry for thy much miſgovernment.

*Claud.* O Hero! what a Hero had'ſt thou been
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counſels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair! farewel,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids ſhall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never ſhall it more be gracious.

Leon. *Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?*

Beat. *Why, how now, couſin! wherefore ſink you down?* [Hero ſwoons.

John. *Come, let us go: theſe things, come thus to light,*
*Smother her ſpirits up.*

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.

*Bene.* How doth the lady?

*Beat.* Dead, I think;—Help, uncle;—
Hero! why Hero!—uncle! ſignior Benedick!—friar!

*Leon.* O fate! take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame,
That may be wiſh'd for.

# No. VIII.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

### ACT IV. SCENE II.

*A Priſon.*

*Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the Town-Clerk and Sexton.*

Painted by Mr. SMIRK.

*Dogb.* Is our whole diſſembly appear'd?

*Verg.* O, a ſtool and a cuſhion for the ſexton!

*Sexton.* Which be the malefactors?

*Dogb.* Marry, that am I and my partner.

*Verg.* Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

*Sexton.* But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? let them come before maſter conſtable.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

*Bora.* Borachio.

*Dogb.* Pray, write down—Borachio.——Yours, ſirrah?

*Conr.* I am a gentleman, ſir; and my name is Conrade.

*Dogb.* Write down—maſter gentleman Conrade.—Maſters, do you ſerve God?

*Both.* Yea, ſir, we hope.

*Dogb.* Write down—that they hope they ſerve God:—and write God firſt; for God defend but God ſhould go before ſuch villains!—Maſters, it is proved already that you are little better than falſe knaves,

knaves; and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly. How anſwer you for yourſelves?

*Conr.* Marry, ſir, we ſay, we are none.

*Dogb.* A marvellous witty fellow, I aſſure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, ſirrah; a word in your ear, ſir; I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaves.

*Bora.* Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

*Dogb.* Well, ſtand aſide.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale: Have you writ down—that they are none.

*Sexton.* Maſter conſtable, you go not the way to examine; you muſt call the watch that are their accuſers.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, that's the efteſt way:—Let the watch come forth:—Maſters, I charge you in the prince's name accuſe theſe men.

*Enter Watchmen.*

1 *Watch.* This man ſaid, ſir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

*Dogb.* Write down—prince John a villain:—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

*Bora.* Maſter conſtable,—

*Dogb.* Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promiſe thee.

*Sexton.* What heard you him ſay elſe?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had receiv'd a thouſand ducats of Don John, for accuſing the lady Hero wrongfully.

*Dogb.* Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

*Verg.* Yea, by the maſs, that it is.

*Sexton.* What elſe, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to diſgrace Hero before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. *O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlaſting redemption for this.*

*Sexton.*

*Sexton.* What elſe?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

*Sexton.* And this is more, maſters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning ſecretly ſtolen away; Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this, ſuddenly dy'd.—Maſter conſtable, let theſe men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and ſhew him their examination. [*Exit.*

*Dogb.* Come, let them be opinion'd.

*Verg.* Let them be in hand.

*Conr.* Off, coxcomb!

*Dogb.* God's my life! where's the ſexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:——Thou naughty varlet!

*Conr.* Away! you are an aſs, you are an aſs.

*Dogb.* Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? Doſt thou not ſuſpect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an aſs!—but, maſters, remember, that I am an aſs!—though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an aſs:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as ſhall be proved upon thee by good witneſs: I am a wiſe fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, an houſholder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any is in Meſſina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had loſſes; and one that hath two gowns, and, every thing handſome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an aſs!— [*Exeunt.*

## No. IX.

# LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.*

*Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Katharine, Lords, Attendants, and a Foreſter.*

## Painted by Mr. HAMILTON, R. A.

*Prin.* Was that the king, that ſpurr'd his horſe ſo hard
Againſt the ſteep upriſing of the hill?
*Boyet.* I know not; but, I think, it was not he.
*Prin.* Whoe'er he was, he ſhew'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to day we ſhall have our diſpatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
*Then, foreſter, my friend, where is the buſh,*
*That we muſt ſtand and play the murderer in?*
For. *Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;*
*A ſtand, where you may make the faireſt ſhoot.*

*Prin.* I thank my beauty; I am fair that ſhoot,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt, the faireſt ſhoot.
*For.* Pardon me, madam, for I meant not ſo.
*Prin.* What, what? firſt praiſe me, then again ſay no?
O ſhort-liv'd-pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
*For.* Yes, madam, fair.
*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glaſs, take this for telling true;
[*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

# No. X.

# MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Wood.*

*Queen of the Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending, &c. &c. &c.*

Painted by Mr. FUSELI.

---

*Queen.* Come, ſit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And ſtick muſk-roſes in thy ſleek ſmooth head,
And kiſs thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
*Bot.* Where's Peaſe-bloſſom?
*Peaſe.* Ready.

Bot. *Scratch my head, Peaſe-bloſſom.—Where's monſieur Cobweb?*
Cob. *Ready.*
Bot. *Monſieur Cobweb; good monſieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip'd humble bee on the top of a thiſtle; and, good monſieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourſelf too much in the action, monſieur; and, good monſieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, ſignior.—Where's monſieur Muſtard-ſeed?*
Muſt. *Ready.*
Bot. *Give me your neif, monſieur Muſtard-ſeed. Pray you, leave your courteſy, good monſieur.*
Muſt. *What's your will?*
Bot. *Nothing, good monſieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to ſcratch. I muſt to the barber's, monſieur;*

*for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.*

*Queen.* What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love?

*Bot.* I have a reasonable good ear in musick: let us have the tongs and the bones.

*Queen.* Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

*Bot.* Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

*Queen.* I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

*Bot.* I had rather have a handful or two, of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

*Queen.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

# No. XI.

## MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.

### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Wood.*

*Theſeus, Egeus, Hippolita, and train, Demetrius, Lyſander, Hermia, and Helena.*

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY.

*The.* Go, one of you, find out the foreſter; —
For now our obſervation is perform'd:
And ſince we have the vaward of the day,
My love ſhall hear the muſick of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the weſtern valley; go:—
Diſpatch, I ſay, and find the foreſter.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

*Hip.* I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, beſides the groves,
The ſkies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

*The.* My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Theſſalian bulls:
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable

Was

Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theſſaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, ſoft; what nymphs are theſe?

*Ege.* My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep;
And this, Lyſander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder at their being here together.

*The.* No doubt, they roſe up early, to obſerve
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.—
But, ſpeak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia ſhould give anſwer of her choice?

*Ege.* It is, my lord.

The. *Go, bid the huntſmen wake them with their horns.*

*Horns, and ſhout within; Demetrius, Lyſander, Hermia, and Helena, wake and ſtart up.*

*The.* Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is paſt;
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?

*Lyſ.* Pardon, my lord. [*They all kneel to Theſeus.*

*The.* I pray you all, ſtand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſy,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

*Lyſ.* My lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half 'ſleep, half waking: But as yet, I ſwear,
I cannot truly ſay how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I ſpeak,—
And now I do bethink me, ſo it is;)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

# No. XII.

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

*Before the Duke's Palace.*

*Roſalind, Celia, Orlando, Duke, and Attendants, &c. Charles carried off.*

## Painted by Mr. DOWNMAN.

---

*Roſ.* Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wreſtler?

*Orla.* No, fair princeſs; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: You have ſeen cruel proof of this man's ſtrength: if you ſaw yourſelf with your eyes, or knew yourſelf with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you, for your own ſake, to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

*Roſ.* Do, young ſir; your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed: we will make it our ſuit to the duke, that the wreſtling might not go forward.

*Orla.* I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confeſs me much guilty, to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wiſhes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſham'd that never was gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world

no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.

*Roſ.* The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine to eke out her's.

*Roſ.* Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you!

*Cel.* Your heart's deſire be with you!

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orla.* Ready, ſir; but his will hath in it a more modeſt working.

*Duke.* You ſhall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your grace; you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

*Orla.* You mean to mock me after; you ſhould not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

*Roſ.* Now, Hercules be thy ſpeed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg! [*They wreſtle.*

*Roſ.* O excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who ſhould down.

*Duke.* No more, no more. [*Charles is thrown.*

*Orla.* Yes, I beſeech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

*Duke.* How doſt thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot ſpeak, my lord.

*Duke.* Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

*Orla.* Orlando, my liege; the youngeſt ſon of ſir Rowland de Boys.

*Duke.* I would thou hadſt been ſon to ſome man elſe.

The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
Thou ſhouldſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt

Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadſt told me of another father.

[*Exit Duke, with his train.*

*Manent Celia, Roſalind, Orlando.*

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

*Orla.* I am more proud to be ſir Rowland's ſon,
His youngeſt ſon;—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

*Roſ.* My father lov'd ſir Rowland as his ſoul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his ſon,
I ſhould have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.

*Cel.* Gentle couſin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deſerv'd:
If you do keep your promiſes in love,
But juſtly as you have exceeded all promiſe,
Your miſtreſs ſhall be happy.

Roſ. *Gentleman,*

[Giving him a chain from her neck.

*Wear this for me; one out of ſuits with fortune;*
*That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.*
*Shall we go, coz?*

*Cel.* Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

*Orla.* Can I not ſay, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here ſtands up,
Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeleſs block.

# No. XIII.

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Foreſt of Arden.*

*Jaques, Amiens, &c.*

## Painted by Mr. HODGES, R. A.

---

*Duke Sen.* Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this deſert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you.
*To-day, my lord of Amiens and myſelf,*
*Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along*
*Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out*
*Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:*
*To the which place a poor ſequeſtred ſtag,*
*That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,*
*Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my lord,*
*The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,*
*That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat,*
*Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears*
*Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe*
*In piteous chaſe: and thus the hairy fool,*
*Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,*
*Stood on the extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,*
*Augmenting it with tears.*

*Duke Sen.* But what ſaid Jaques?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1 *Lord.* O, yes, into a thouſand ſimiles.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;
*Poor deer*, quoth he, *thou mak'ſt a teſtament*
*As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more*
*To that which had too much:* Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
*'Tis right*, quoth he; *thus miſery doth part*
*The flux of company:* Anon, a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
*Sweep on, you fat and greaſy citizens;*
*'Tis juſt the faſhion: Wherefore do you look*
*Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?*
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: ſwearing, that we
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling place.

*Duke Sen.* And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.

*Duke Sen.* Show me the place;
I love to cope him in theſe ſullen fits.
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

# No. XIV.

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

## ACT V. SCENE IV.

*Foreſt.*

*Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, Celia, Roſalind, Audrey, Clown, Silvius, Phebe, and Hymen.*

## Painted by Mr. HAMILTON, R. A.

---

STILL MUSICK.

*Hym.* Then there is mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'ſt join her hand with his,
Whoſe heart within his boſom is.

Roſ. *To you I give myſelf, for I am yours.*
[To the Duke.
*To you I give myſelf, for I am yours.* [To Orlando.

*Duke Sen.* If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in ſight, you are my Roſalind.

*Phe.* If ſight and ſhape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

*Roſ.*

*Roſ.* I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
[*To the Duke.*
I'll have no huſband, if you be not he:—[*To Orlando.*
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not ſhe. [*To Phebe.*

*Hym.* Peace ho! I bar confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange events:
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no croſs ſhall part;
[*To Orlando and Roſalind.*
You and you are heart in heart:
[*To Oliver and Celia.*
You to his love muſt accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:— [*To Phebe.*
You and you are ſure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
[*To the Clown and Audrey.*
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we ſing,
Feed yourſelves with queſtioning;
That reaſon wonder may diminiſh,
How thus we met, and theſe things finiſh.

# No. XV.

# TAMING OF THE SHREW.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

*Baptiſta's houſe.*

*Petruchio, Katharine, Bianca, Hortenſio, Baptiſta, Grumio, &c.*

## Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY.

---

*Pet.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheer;
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
*Bap.* Is't poſſible, you will away to-night?
*Pet.* I muſt away to-day, before night come:—
Make it no wonder: if you knew my buſineſs,
You would entreat me rather go than ſtay.
And, honeſt company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myſelf
To this moſt patient, ſweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I muſt hence, and farewel to you all.
*Tra.* Let us intreat you ſtay 'till after dinner.
*Pet.* It may not be.
*Gre.* Let me intreat you.
*Pet.* It cannot be.
*Kath.* Let me intreat you.
*Pet.* I am content.
*Kath.* Are you content to ſtay?

*Pet.*

*Pet.* I am content you ſhall intreat me ſtay;
But yet not ſtay, intreat me how you can.
*Kath.* Now, if you love me, ſtay.
*Pet.* Grumio, my horſes.
*Gru.* Ay, ſir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horſes.
*Kath.* Nay, then,
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I pleaſe myſelf.
The door is open, ſir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, 'till I pleaſe myſelf:—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
*Pet.* O Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.
*Kath.* I will be angry; What haſt thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
*Gre.* Ay, marry, ſir: now it begins to work.
*Kath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I ſee, a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.
*Pet.* They ſhall go forward, Kate, at thy command:
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer,
Carouſe full meaſure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,——or go hang yourſelves;
*But for my bonny Kate, ſhe muſt with me.*
*Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret;*
*I will be maſter of what is mine own:*
*She is my goods, my chattels; ſhe is my houſe,*
*My houſehold-ſtuff, my field, my barn,*
*My horſe, my ox, my aſs, my any thing;*
*And here ſhe ſtands, touch her whoever dare;*
*I'll bring my action on the proudeſt he*
*That ſtops my way in Padua.——Grumio,*
*Draw forth thy weapon, we're beſet with thieves;*
*Reſcue thy miſtreſs, if thou be a man:—*

*Fear*

*Fear not, ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee, Kate; I'll buckler thee againſt a million.*

[Exeunt Petruchio and Katherine.

*Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.

*Tra.* Of all mad matches, never was the like!

*Luc.* Miſtreſs, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?

*Bian.* That, being mad herſelf, ſhe's madly mated.

*Gre.* I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

## No. XVI.

# WINTER'S TALE.

### ACT II. SCENE III.

*A Palace.*

*Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, Attendants, and the infant Perdita.*

## Painted by Mr. OPIE. R. A.

---

*Leo.* Thou, traitor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.
My child? away with't!—even thou, that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good teſtimony) or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: If thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo;
The baſtard brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.

*Ant.* I did not, ſir:
Theſe lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.

*Lord.* We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

*Leo.* You are liars all.

*Lord.* 'Beſeech your highneſs, give us better credit:
We have always truly ſerv'd you; and beſeech
So to eſteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear ſervices,
Paſt, and to come) that you do change this purpoſe;

Which, being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue: We all kneel.

*Leo.* I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to ſee this baſtard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But, be it; let it live:
It ſhall not neither.—You, ſir, come you hither:
[*To Antigonus.*
You that have been ſo tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To ſave this baſtard's life:—for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's grey,—what will you adventure
To ſave this brat's life?

*Ant.* Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleneſs impoſe: at leaſt, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent: any thing poſſible.

Leo. *It ſhall be poſſible: Swear by this ſword,*
*Thou wilt perform my bidding.*

Ant. *I will, my lord.*

Leo. *Mark, and perform it; (ſeeſt thou?) for the fail*
*Of any point in't ſhall not only be*
*Death to thyſelf, but to thy lewd-tongued wife;*
*Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,*
*As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry*
*This female baſtard hence; and that thou bear it*
*To ſome remote and deſert place, quite out*
*Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,*
*Without more mercy, to its own protection,*
*And favour of the climate. As by ſtrange fortune*
*It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee,—*
*On thy ſoul's peril, and thy body's torture,—*
*That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,*
*Where chance may nurſe, or end it: Take it up.*

*Ant.* I ſwear to do this; though a preſent death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful ſpirit inſtruct the kites and ravens,
To

To be thy nurſes! Wolves, and bears, they ſay,
Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed does require! and bleſſing,
Againſt this cruelty, fight on thy ſide,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loſs! [*Exit, with the child.*

*Leo.* No, I'll not rear
Another's iſſue.

# No. XVII.

# WINTER'S TALE.

## ACT III. SCENE III.

*A desert place near the Sea.*

*Antigonus torn by a Bear, Old Shepherd, Clown, and the infant Perdita, at a distance.*

## Painted by Mr. HODGES, R. A.

---

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Hilloa, loa!

*Shep.* What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

*Clo.* I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

*Shep.* Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. *I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:—but, first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them;—and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear*

*bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the ſea, or weather.*

*Shep.* 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

*Clo.* Now, now; I have not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

*Shep.* Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man!

*Clo.* I would you had been by the ſhip ſide, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. [*Aſide.*

*Shep.* Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bleſs thyſelf; thou met'ſt with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a ſight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a ſquire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's ſee;—It was told me, I ſhould be rich by the fairies: this is ſome changeling:——— Open't: What's within, boy?

*Clo.* You're a made old man; if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

*Shep.* This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove ſo: up with it, keep it cloſe; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be ſo ſtill, requires nothing but ſecreſy.—Let my ſheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

## No. XVIII.

# WINTER'S TALE.

### ACT IV. SCENE III.

*Before a Shepherd's Cottage.*

*Florizel, Perdita, Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants, Polixenes, and Camillo disguis'd.*

## Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY.

---

*Flo.* See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

*Shep.* Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to our sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. *Sir, welcome!* [To Pol. and Cam.
*It is my father's will, I should take on me*
*The hostessship of the day:—You're welcome, sir!*
*Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,*

*For*

*For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep*
*Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:*
*Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,*
*And welcome to our shearing!*

*Pol.* Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

*Per.* Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o'the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call, nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

## No. XIX.

# MACBETH.

### ACT I. SCENE. III.

*A Heath.*

*Macbeth, Banquo, and three Witches.*

## Painted by Mr. FUSELI.

---

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen.

*Ban.* How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may queſtion? You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her ſkinny lips: You ſhould be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that ſhall be king hereafter.

*Ban.* Good ſir, why do you ſtart; and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair? I'the name of truth,
Are you fantaſtical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhew? My noble partner

You greet with preſent grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he ſeems rapt withal; to me you ſpeak not:
If you can look into the ſeeds of time,
And ſay, which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Leſſer than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not ſo happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou ſhalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo.

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. *Stay, you imperfect ſpeakers, tell me more:*
*By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;*
*But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,*
*A proſperous gentleman; and, to be king,*
*Stands not within the proſpect of belief,*
*No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence*
*You owe this ſtrange intelligence? or why*
*Upon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way*
*With ſuch prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge you.*
[Witches vaniſh.

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And theſe are of them:—Whither are they vaniſh'd?

*Macb.* Into the air; and what ſeem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had ſtaid!

*Ban.* Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about?
Or have we eaten of the inſane root,
That takes the reaſon priſoner?

*Macb.* Your children ſhall be kings.

*Ban.* You ſhall be king.

*Macb.* And thane of Cawdor too; went it not ſo?

*Ban.* To the ſelf-ſame tune, and words. Who's here?

## No. XX.

# KING JOHN.

### ACT. IV. SCENE I.

*A Priſon.*

*Arthur, Hubert, and Executioners.*

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

---

*Hub.* Heat me theſe irons hot; and, look thou ſtand
Within the arras: when I ſtrike my foot
Upon the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth,
And bind the boy, which you ſhall find with me,
Faſt to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
*Exec.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.
*Hub.* Uncleanly ſcruple! Fear not you: 'look to't.— [*Exeunt executioners.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to ſay with you.

*Enter Arthur.*

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.
*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.
*Arth.* As little prince (having ſo great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are ſad.
*Hub.* Indeed I have been merrier.
*Arth.* Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body ſhould be ſad, but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as ſad as night,
Only for wantonneſs. By my chriſtendom,
So I were out of priſon, and kept ſheep,

I ſhould be merry as the day is long;
And ſo I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practiſes more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's ſon?
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven,
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch. [*Aſide.*

*Arth.* Are you ſick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In ſooth, I would you were a little ſick;
That I might ſit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.—
Read here, young Arthur—— [*Shewing a paper.*
How now, fooliſh rheum! [*Aſide.*
Turning diſpiteous torture out of door?
I muſt be brief; leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womaniſh tears.——
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for ſo foul effect:
Muſt you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I muſt.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The beſt I had, a princeſs wrought it me)
And I did never aſk it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a prince.

Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why then you muſt.—Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that never did, nor never ſhall,
So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I have ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itſelf, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench this fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me, Hubert ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's. [*Hubert ſtamps, and the men enter.*

*Hub.* Come forth; do as I bid you.

Arth. *O, ſave me, Hubert, ſave me! my eyes are out,*
*Even with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.*

Hub. *Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.*

Arth. *Alas, what need you be ſo boiſterous-rough?*
*I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.*
*For Heaven's ſake, Hubert! let me not be bound!*
*Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive theſe men away,*
*And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb;*
*I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,*
*Nor look upon the iron angerly:*
*Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,*
*Whatever torment you do put me to.*

*Hub.* Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.

*Exec.* I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed.
[*Exeunt.*

*Arth.* Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart;—
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourſelf.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to loſe your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven!—that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wandring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe!
Then, feeling what ſmall things are boiſterous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promiſe? go to, hold your tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, ſpare mine eyes;
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you!
Lo! by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good ſooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extremes: See elſe yourſelf;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will ſparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack

That

That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

*Hub.* Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I ſworn, and I did purpoſe, boy,
With this ſame very iron to burn them out.

*Arth* O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were diſguiſed.

*Hub.* Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle muſt not know but you are dead:
I'll fill theſe dogged ſpies with falſe reports.
And, pretty child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence; no more: Go cloſely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

# No. XXI.

## SECOND PART OF

# KING HENRY IV.

### ACT III. SCENE II.

*Juſtice Shallow's ſeat in Glouceſterſhire.*

*Shallow, Silence, Falſtaff, Bardolph, Boy, Mouldy Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bull-calf.*

## Painted by Mr. DURNO.

---

*Bull.* Good maſter corporate Bardolph, ſtand my friend; and here is four Harry ten ſhillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, ſir, I had as lief be hang'd, ſir, as go: and yet for mine own part, ſir, I do not care; but, rather, becauſe I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a deſire to ſtay with my friends; elſe, ſir, I did not care, for mine own part, ſo much.

*Bard.* Go to; ſtand aſide.

*Mould.* And good maſter corporal captain, for my old dame's ſake, ſtand my friend: ſhe has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and ſhe is old, and cannot help herſelf: you ſhall have forty, ſir.

*Bard.* Go to; ſtand aſide.

*Feeble.* I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a baſe mind:—an't be my deſtiny, ſo; an't be not, ſo: No man's too good to ſerve his prince: and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

*Bard.*

*Bard.* Well ſaid; thou'rt a good fellow.

*Feeble.* 'Faith, I'll bear no baſe mind.

*Re-enter Falſtaff, and Juſtices.*

*Fal.* Come, ſir, which men ſhall I have?

*Shal.* Four of which you pleaſe.

*Bard.* Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

*Fal.* Go to; well.

*Shal.* Come, ſir John, which four will you have?

*Fal.* Do you chooſe for me.

*Shal.* Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

*Fal.* Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, you have ſtay'd at home, till you are paſt ſervice:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow 'till you come unto it; I will none of you.

*Shal.* Sir John, ſir John, do not yourſelf wrong; they are your likelieſt men, and I would have you ſerv'd with the beſt.

*Fal.* Will you tell me, maſter Shallow, how to chooſe a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the ſtature, bulk and big aſſemblance of a man? give me the ſpirit, maſter Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you ſee what a ragged appearance it is: he ſhall charge you, and diſcharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, ſwifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this ſame half-fac'd fellow Shadow,—give me this man; he preſents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: And, for a retreat,—how ſwiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones.——Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

*Bard.* Hold, Wart, traverſe; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. *Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.——O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopp'd, bald ſhot.—*

*Well*

*Well ſaid, Wart; thou'rt a good ſcab: hold, there's a teſter for thee.*

*Shal.* He is not his craft's-maſter, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, when I lay at Clement's inn, (I was then ſir Dagonet in Arthur's ſhow) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tah, tah,* would 'a ſay; *bounce,* would 'a ſay; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come;—I ſhall never ſee ſuch a fellow.

*Fal.* Theſe fellows will do well, maſter Shallow.—God keep you, maſter Silence; I will not uſe many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I muſt a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the ſoldiers coats.

*Shal.* Sir John, heaven bleſs you, and proſper your affairs, and ſend us peace! As you return, viſit my houſe; let our old acquaintance be renew'd: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

*Fal.* I would you would, maſter Shallow.

*Shal.* Go to; I have ſpoke, at a word. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Shallow and Silence.*

*Fal.* Fare you well, gentle gentlemen.——On Bardolph; lead the men away.—[*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.*]—As I return, I will fetch off theſe juſtices: I do ſee the bottom of juſtice Shallow. Lord, lord, how ſubject we old men are to this vice of lying! This ſame ſtarv'd juſtice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildneſs of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-ſtreet; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after ſupper of a cheeſe-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radiſh, with a head fantaſtically carv'd upon it with a knife: he was ſo forlorn, that his dimenſions to any thick ſight were

inviſible: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake: he came ever in the rearward of the faſhion; and ſung thoſe tunes to the over-ſcutcht huſwives, that he heard the carmen whiſtle; and ſware they were his fancies, or his good-nights. And now is this vice's dagger become a ſquire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been ſworn brother to him: and I'll be ſworn he never ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burſt his head, for crouding among the marſhal's men. I ſaw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name: for you might have truſs'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-ſkin; the caſe of a treble hautboy was a manſion for him, a court: and now hath he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it ſhall go hard, but I will make him a philoſopher's two ſtones to me: If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I ſee no reaſon, in the law of nature, but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there an end. [*Exeunt.*

# No. XXII.

## FIRST PART OF

## KING HENRY VI.

### ACT II. SCENE IV.

*London. The Temple Garden.*

*Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.*

## Painted by Mr. J. BOYDELL.

---

*Plant.* Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
*Suf.* Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.
*Plant.* Then say at once, If I maintain'd the truth;
Or else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?
*Suff.* 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
I never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.
*Som.* Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.
*War.* Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:

But in theſe nice ſharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiſer than a daw.

*Plant.* Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance;
The truth appears ſo naked on my ſide,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

*Som.* And on my ſide it is ſo well apparell'd,
So clear, ſo ſhining, and ſo evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plant. *Since you are tongue-ty'd, and ſo loth to ſpeak,*
*In dumb ſignificants proclaim your thoughts:*
*Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,*
*And ſtands upon the honour of his birth,*
*If he ſuppoſe that I have pleaded truth,*
*From off this briar pluck a white roſe with me.*

Som. *Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,*
*But dare maintain the party of the truth,*
*Pluck a red roſe from off this thorn with me.*

*War.* I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating flattery,
I pluck this white roſe, with Plantagenet.

*Suf.* I pluck this red roſe, with young Somerſet;
And ſay withal, I think he held the right.

*Ver.* Stay, lords, and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude—that he, upon whoſe ſide
The feweſt roſes are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

*Som.* Good maſter Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.

*Plant.* And I.

*Ver.* Then for the truth and plainneſs of the caſe,
I pluck this pale and maiden bloſſom here,
Giving my verdict on the white roſe ſide.

*Som.* Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Leſt, bleeding, you do paint the white roſe red,
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.

*Ver.*

*Ver.* If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be ſurgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the ſide where ſtill I am.

*Som.* Well, well, come on: Who elſe?

*Lawyer.* Unleſs my ſtudy and my books be falſe,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
[*To Somerſet.*
In ſign whereof, I pluck a white roſe too.

*Plant.* Now, Somerſet, where is your argument?

*Som.* Here, in my ſcabbard; meditating that
Shall die your white roſe to a bloody red.

# No. XXIII.

## SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

### ACT III. SCENE III.

*Cardinal Beaufort's bed-chamber.*

*King Henry, Salisbury, and Warwick.*

Painted by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, Preſident of the Royal Academy.

---

*K. Henry.* How fares my lord? ſpeak, Beaufort, to thy ſovereign.

*Car.* If thou be'ſt death, I'll give thee England's treaſure,
Enough to purchaſe ſuch another iſland,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

*K. Henry.* Ah, what a ſign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is ſeen ſo terrible!

*War.* Beaufort, it is thy ſovereign ſpeaks to thee.

*Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? where ſhould he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—
O! torture me no more, I will confeſs.—
Alive again? then ſhewme where he is;
I'll give a thouſand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the duſt hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair; look! look! it ſtands upright,
Like lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoul!—
Give me ſome drink; and bid the apothecary
ring the ſtrong poiſon that I bought of him.

*K. Henry.*

*K. Henry.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. *See, how the pangs of death do make him grin,*
Sal. *Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.*
K. Henry. *Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!—*
*Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,*
*Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—*
*He dies, and makes no sign:—O God, forgive him!*

*War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
*K. Henry.* Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

# No. XXIV.

## THIRD PART OF

# KING HENRY VI.

## ACT V. SCENE VII.

*The Palace in London.*

*King Edward, the Queen, with the young Prince, Clarence, Gloſter, and Haſtings.*

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

---

*K. Edw.* Once more we ſit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in top of all their pride!
Three dukes of Somerſet, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the ſon,
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er ſpurr'd their courſers at the trumpet's ſound:
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the foreſt tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we ſwept ſuſpicion from our ſeat,
And made our footſtool of ſecurity.—
*Come hither, Beſs, and let me kiſs my boy;*—
[Taking the Child.
*Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myſelf,*
*Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;*
*Went all afoot in ſummer's ſcalding heat,*

*That thou might'ſt repoſſeſs the crown in peace;*
*And of our labours thou ſhalt reap the gain.*

Glo. *I'll blaſt his harveſt, if your head were lay'd;*
*For yet I am not look'd on in the world.*
*This ſhoulder was ordain'd ſo thick, to heave;*
*And heave it ſhall ſome weight, or break my back:—*
*Work thou the way,—and thou ſhalt execute.* [Aſide.

*K. Edw.* Clarence and Gloſter, love my lovely queen;
And kiſs your princely nephew, brothers both.

*Clar.* The duty, that I owe unto your majeſty,
I ſeal upon the lips of this ſweet babe.

*Queen.* Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

*Glo.* And, that I love the tree from whence thou ſprang'ſt,
Witneſs the loving kiſs I give the fruit:——
To ſay the truth, ſo Judas kiſs'd his maſter;
And cry'd—all hail! when as he meant—all harm. } *Aſide.*

*K. Edw.* Now am I ſeated as my ſoul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

*Clar.* What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils, and Jeruſalem,
And hither have they ſent it for her ranſom.

*K. Edw.* Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what reſts, but that we ſpend the time
With ſtately triumphs, mirthful comic ſhows,
Such as befit the pleaſures of the court?——
Sound drums and trumpets!—farewel, ſour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our laſting joy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

# No. XXV. and XXVI.

# KING RICHARD III.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*London.*

*Prince of Wales, Duke of York his brother, Dukes of Gloſter and Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, Lord Haſtings, Lord-Mayor, and his train.*

— Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

---

*Buck.* Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. *Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?*

York. *Well, my dread lord; ſo I muſt call you now.*

Prince. *Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:*
*Too late he died, that might have kept that title,*
*Which by his death hath loſt much majeſty.*

Glo. *How fares our couſin, noble lord of York?*

*York.* I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You ſaid that idle weeds are faſt in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

*Glo.* He hath, my lord.

*York.* And therefore is he idle?

*Glo.* O, my fair couſin, I muſt not ſay ſo.

*York.* Then is he more beholden to you, than I.

*Glo.* He may command me, as my ſovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinſman.

*York.* I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

*Glo.* My dagger, little couſin? with all my heart.

*Prince.* A beggar, brother?

*York.* Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no gift to give.

*Glo.* A greater gift than that I'll give my couſin.

*York.* A greater gift! O! that's the ſword to it.

*Glo.* Ay, gentle couſin, were it light enough.

*York.* O then, I ſee, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll ſay a beggar, nay.

*Glo.* It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

*York.* I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

*Glo.* What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

*York.* I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

*Glo.* How?

*York.* Little.

*Prince.* My lord of York will ſtill be croſs in talk;—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

*York.* You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Becauſe that I am little like an ape,
He thinks that you ſhould bear me on your ſhoulder.

*Buck.* With what a ſharp-provided wit he reaſons!
To mitigate the ſcorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himſelf:
So cunning, and ſo young, is wonderful.

*Glo.* My lord, will't pleaſe you paſs along?
Myſelf, and my good couſin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

*York.* What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

*Prince.* My lord protector needs will have it ſo.

*York.* I ſhall not ſleep in quiet at the Tower.

*Glo.* Why, what ſhould you fear?

*York.* Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghoſt;
My grandam told me, he was murther'd there.

*Prince.* I fear no uncles dead.
*Glo.* Nor none that live, I hope.
*Prince.* An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

## No. XXVI.

THE ſame ſcene painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, of a ſmaller ſize, before this work was begun, and not intended to appear in it.

# No. XXVII.

# KING RICHARD III.

## ACT IV. SCENE III.

*The Royal Children, Dighton and Forreſt, the Murderers.*

— Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

---

*Tyr.* The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The moſt arch deed of piteous maſſacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forreſt, whom I did ſuborn
To do this piece of ruthleſs butchery,
Albeit they were fleſh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderneſs and mild compaſſion,
Wept like two children, in their deaths' ſad ſtory.
*O thus*, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes*,—
*Thus, thus*, quoth Forreſt, *girdling one another*
*Within their alabaſter innocent arms:*
*Their lips were four red roſes on a ſtalk,*
*Which, in their ſummer beauty, kiſs'd each other.*
*A book of prayers on their pillow lay;*
*Which once* quoth Forreſt, *almoſt chang'd my mind:*
*But, O, the devil*—there the villain ſtopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—*we ſmothered*
*The moſt repleniſhed ſweet work of nature,*
*That, from the prime creation, e'er ſhe fram'd.*—
Hence both are gone with conſcience and remorſe,
They could not ſpeak; and ſo I left them both,
To bear theſe tidings to the bloody king.

*N. B.* This picture was painted before the preſent work was undertaken; but has been deemed by the beſt judges highly deſerving of a place in it.

# No. XXVIII.

# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Titus's houſe.*

*Titus Andronicus, Marcus Andronicus, and young Lucius, purſued by Lavinia.*

## Painted by Mr. KIRK.

---

Boy. *Help, grandfire, help! my aunt Lavinia*
*Follows me every where, I know not why:—*
*Good uncle Marcus, ſee how ſwift ſhe comes!*
*Alas, ſweet aunt, I know not what you mean.*
Mar. *Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.*

*Tit.* She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
*Boy.* Ay, when my father was in Rome, ſhe did.
*Mar.* What means my niece Lavinia by theſe ſigns?
*Tit.* Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth ſhe mean:
See, Lucius, ſee, how much ſhe makes of thee:
Somewhither would ſhe have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her ſons, than ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's oratory.
Canſt thou not gueſs wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?
*Boy.* My lord, I know not, I, nor can I gueſs,
Unleſs ſome fit of phrenzy do poſſeſs her:
For I have heard my grandfire ſay full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And

And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through ſorrow: That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
Cauſeleſs, perhaps: But pardon me, ſweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will moſt willingly attend your ladyſhip.

*Mar.* Lucius, I will.

*Tit.* How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that ſhe deſires to ſee:—
Which is it, girl, of theſe? Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better ſkill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And ſo beguile thy ſorrow, 'till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.——
Why lifts ſhe up her arms in ſequence thus?

*Mar.* I think, ſhe means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact;—Ay, more there was:—
Or elſe to heaven ſhe heaves them for revenge.

*Tit.* Lucius, what book is it that ſhe toſſeth ſo?

*Boy.* Grandſire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoſis;
My mother gave it me.

*Mar.* For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps ſhe cull'd it from among the reſt.

*Tit.* Soft! ſoft! how buſily ſhe turns the leaves!
Help her: What would ſhe find? Lavinia ſhall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treaſon, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

*Mar.* See, brother ſee; note, how ſhe quotes the leaves.

*Tit.* Lavinia, wer't thou thus ſurpriz'd, ſweet girl,
Raviſh'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,

Forc'd

Forc'd in the ruthleſs, vaſt, and gloomy woods?—
See, ſee!——
Ay, ſuch a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here deſcribes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.
*Mar.* O, why ſhould nature build ſo foul a den,
Unleſs the gods delight in tragedies!

# No. XXIX.

# KING LEAR.

## ACT. I. SCENE I.

*Lear's Palace.*

*Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, King of France, Kent, Attendants, &c.*

## Painted by Mr. FUSELI.

---

*Lear.* To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No leſs in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the laſt, not leaſt; to whoſe young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be intereſs'd; what can you ſay, to draw
A third, more opulent than your ſiſters? Speak.
*Cor.* Nothing, my lord.
*Lear.* Nothing?
*Cor.* Nothing.
*Lear.* Nothing can come of nothing: ſpeak again.
*Cor.* Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majeſty
According to my bond; nor more, nor leſs.
*Lear.* How, how, Cordelia? mend your ſpeech a little,
Leſt it may mar your fortunes.
*Cor.* Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return thoſe duties back as are right fit,

Obey you, love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my ſiſters huſbands, if they ſay,
They love you, all? Haply, when I ſhall wed,
That lord, whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I ſhall never marry like my ſiſters,
To love my father all.

*Lear.* But, goes thy heart with this?

*Cor.* Ay, my good lord.

*Lear.* So young, and ſo untender?

*Cor.* So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. *Let it be ſo,—Thy truth then be thy dower:*
*For, by the ſacred radiance of the ſun;*
*The myſteries of Hecate, and the night;*
*By all the operations of the orbs,*
*From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be;*
*Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,*
*Propinquity and property of blood,*
*And as a ſtranger to my heart and me*
*Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,*
*Or he that makes his generation meſſes*
*To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſom*
*Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,*
*As thou, my ſometime daughter.*

Kent. *Good my liege,—*

Lear. *Peace, Kent!*
*Come not between the dragon and his wrath:*
*I lov'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt*
*On her kind nurſery.—Hence, and avoid my ſight!—*
[To Cordelia.
*So be my grave my peace, as here I give*
*Her father's heart from her!*—Call France:—Who ſtirs?
Call Burgundy.——Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digeſt this third:
Let pride, which ſhe calls plainneſs, marry her.

I do

I do inveſt you jointly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majeſty. Ourſelf, by monthly courſe,
With reſervation of an hundred knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we ſhall retain
The name, and all the addition to a king;
The ſway, revenue, execution of the reſt,
Beloved ſons, be yours: which, to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*

*Kent.* Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my maſter follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

*Lear.* The bow is bent and drawn, make from the ſhaft.

*Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad.

## No. XXX.

# KING LEAR.

### ACT. III. SCENE IV.

*Part of a heath, with a hovel.*

*Lear, Kent, Fool; Edgar diſguiſed as a madman, and Gloſter, with a torch.*

## Painted by Mr. WEST, R. A.

Hiſtorical Painter to his Majeſty.

---

*Kent.* Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm ſtill.*

*Lear.* Let me alone.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Wilt break my heart?

*Kent.* I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

*Lear.* Thou think'ſt 'tis much, that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the ſkin: ſo 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging ſea,
Thou'dſt meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!

Is

Is it not as this mouth ſhould tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will puniſh home:—
No, I will weep no moré.——In ſuch a night
To ſhut me out!——Pour oń; I will endure:——
In ſuch a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!——
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave you all,——
O, that way madneſs lies; let me ſhun that;
No more of that,———

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Pr'ythee, go in thyſelf; ſeek thine own eaſe;
This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:—
In, boy; go firſt.—[*To the Fool.*] You houſeleſs poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep.—
[*Fool goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm,
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take phyſic, pomp;
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heavens more juſt.

*Edg.* [*within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

*Fool.* Come not in here, nuncle, here's a ſpirit. Help me, help me! [*The fool runs out from the hovel.*

*Kent.* Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

*Fool.* A ſpirit, a ſpirit; he ſays his name's poor Tom.

*Kent.* What art thou that doſt grumble there i' the ſtraw?
Come forth.

*Enter*

*Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* Away! the foul fiend follows me!——
Through the ſharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

*Lear.* Haſt thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

*Edg.* Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; ſet ratſbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horſe over four-inch'd bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a traitor:—Bleſs thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bleſs thee from whirlwinds, ſtar-blaſting, and taking! Do poor Tom ſome charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:—
There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there. [*Storm ſtill.*

*Lear.* What, have his daughters brought him to this paſs?—
Could'ſt thou ſave nothing? Didſt thou give them all?

*Fool.* Nay, he reſerv'd a blanket, elſe we had been all ſhamed.

*Lear.* Now, all the plagues, that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, ſir.

*Lear.* Death, traitor! nothing could have ſubdu'd nature
To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.——
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh?
Judicious puniſhment! 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe pelican daughters.

*Edg.* Pillicock ſat on pillicock-hill;—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

*Fool.*

*Fool.* This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

*Edg.* Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word juſtly; ſwear not; commit not with man's ſworn ſpouſe; ſet not thy ſweet heart on proud array:—Tom's a-cold.

*Lear.* What haſt thou been?

*Edg.* A ſerving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, ſerv'd the luſt of my miſtreſs's heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her: ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heaven: one, that ſlept in the contriving of luſt, and wak'd to do it: Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: Falſe of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; Hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs, dog in madneſs, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhoes, nor the ruſtling of ſilks, betray thy poor heart to woman: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says ſuum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, Seſſy; let him trot by.

[*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. *Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to anſwer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the ſkies.—Is man no more than this? Conſider him well: Thou oweſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are ſophiſticated!——Thou art the thing itſelf: unaccommodated man is no more but ſuch a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, your lendings:—Come; unbutton here.—* [Tearing off his clothes.

*Fool.* P'rythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to ſwim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old lecher's heart; a ſmall

ſpark, and all the reſt of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

*Edg.* This is the foul fiend *Flibbertigibbet:* he begins at curfew, and walks 'till the firſt cock; he gives the web and the pin, ſquints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the oles;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-foles;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, Aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee!

*Kent.* How fares your grace?

*Enter Gloſter.*

*Lear.* What's he?

*Kent.* Who's there? what is't you ſeek?

*Glo.* What are you there? Your names?

*Edg.* Poor Tom; that eats the ſwimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that, in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow dung for ſallets; ſwallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the ſtanding pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and ſtock'd, puniſh'd, and impriſon'd; who hath had three ſuits to his back, ſix ſhirts to his body, horſe to ride, and weapon to wear,——

But mice, and rats, and ſuch ſmall deer,
Have been Tom's food for ſeven long year.

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace thou fiend!

*Glo.* What, hath your grace no better company?

*Edg.* The prince of darkneſs is a gentleman; Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

*Glo.* Our fleſh and blood, my lord, is grown ſo vile, That it doth hate what gets it.

*Edgar.*

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.

*Glo.* Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come ſeek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

# No. XXXI.

## KING LEAR.

### ACT. V. SCENE III.

*A Camp, near Dover.*

*Lear, with Cordelia dead; Edgar, Albany, and Kent. Regan, Goneril, and Edmund, dead.*

## Painted by Mr. BARRY, R. A.

Profeſſor of Painting to the Royal Academy.

---

*Enter a Gentleman haſtily, with a bloody knife.*

*Gent.* Help! help! O help!

*Edg.* What kind of help?

*Alb.* Speak, man.

*Edg.* What means this bloody knife?

*Gent.* 'Tis hot, it ſmoaks,
It came even from the heart of——— O! ſhe's dead!

*Alb.* Who, man? ſpeak.

*Gent.* Your lady, ſir, your lady: and her ſiſter
By her is poiſon'd; ſhe hath confeſs'd it.

*Edm.* I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an inſtant.

*Enter Kent.*

*Alb.* Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!—
[*Goneril and Regan's bodies brought out.*
This judgement of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.———

*Edg.* Here comes Kent, ſir.

*Alb.* O! is this he? The time will not allow
The compliment which very manners urge.

*Kent.* I am come
To bid my king and maſter aye good night;
Is he not here?

*Alb.*

*Alb.* Great thing of us forgot!——
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?—
See'ſt thou this object, Kent?
*Kent.* Alack, why thus?
*Edm.* Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after ſlew herſelf.
*Alb.* Even ſo.—Cover their faces.
*Edm.* I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Deſpight of mine own nature. Quickly ſend,—
Be brief in it,—to the caſtle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, ſend in time.
*Alb.* Run, run, O, run———
*Edg.* To whom, my lord?—Who has the office? ſend
Thy token of reprieve.
*Edm.* Well thought on; take my ſword,
Give it the captain.
*Edg.* Haſte thee, for thy life. [*Exit Meſſenger.*
*Edm.* He hath commiſſion from my wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the priſon, and
To lay the blame upon her own deſpair,
That ſhe fordid herſelf.
*Alb.* The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[*Edmund is borne off.*

*Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.*

Lear. *Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of ſtones;*
*Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd uſe them ſo*
*That heaven's vault ſhould crack:—O, ſhe is gone for ever!—*
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glaſs;
If that her breath will miſt or ſtain the ſtone,
Why, then ſhe lives.
*Kent.* Is this the promis'd end?
*Edg.* Or image of that horror?

*Alb.* Fall, and ceaſe!

*Lear.* This feather ſtirs; ſhe lives! if it be ſo,
It is a chance that does redeem all ſorrows
That ever I have felt.

*Kent.* O my good maſter! [*Kneeling.*

*Lear.* Pr'ythee, away.

*Edg.* Tis noble Kent, your friend.

*Lear.* A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have ſav'd her; now ſhe's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little. Ha!
What is't thou ſay'ſt?—Her voice was ever ſoft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the ſlave that was a hanging thee.

*Gent.* 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

*Lear.* Did I not, fellow?
I have ſeen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them ſkip: I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' the beſt:—I'll tell you ſtraight.

*Kent.* If fortune brag of two ſhe lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold

*Lear.* This is a dull ſight: Are you not Kent?

*Kent.* The ſame; your ſervant Kent:
Where is your ſervant Caius?

*Lear.* He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll ſtrike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.

*Kent.* No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

*Lear.* I'll ſee that ſtraight.

*Kent.* That, from your firſt of difference and decay
Have follow'd your ſad ſteps.

*Lear.* You are welcome hither.

*Kent.* Nor no man elſe; all's cheerleſs, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldeſt daughters have fore-doom'd themſelves,
And deſperately are dead.

*Lear.* Ay, ſo I think.

*Alb.* He knows not what he ſays; and vain it is
That we preſent us to him.

*Edg.* Very bootleſs.

# No. XXXII.

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

## ACT I. SCENE V.

*A Hall in Capulet's houſe.*

*Romeo, Juliet, Nurſe, Capulet, &c. with the Gueſts and the Maſkers.*

## Painted by Mr. MILLER.

---

1 *Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their feet
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my miſtreſſes! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? ſhe that makes dainty, ſhe,
I'll ſwear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have ſeen the day,
That I have worn a viſor; and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would pleaſe;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcome, gentlemen.——Come, muſicians, play.
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.
[*Muſick plays, and they dance.*
More light ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, ſirrah, this unlook'd-for ſport comes well.
Nay, ſit, nay ſit, good couſin Capulet;
For you and I are paſt our dancing days.
How long is't now, ſince laſt yourſelf and I
Were in a maſk?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.*

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.
2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.
1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.
*Rom.* What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?
*Serv.* I know not, sir.
*Rom.* O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love 'till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty 'till this night.
*Tyb.* This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore scorn you so?
*Tyb.* Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spight,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?
*Tyb.* 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.
1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,

To

To be a virtuous and well govern'd youth:
I would not, for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my houſe, do him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a fair preſence, and put off theſe frowns,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.

*Tyb.* It fits, when ſuch a villain is a gueſt;
I'll not endure him.

1 *Cap.* He ſhall be endur'd;
What, goodman boy!—I ſay, he ſhall:—Go to;—
Am I the maſter here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God ſhall mend my ſoul—
You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts!
You will ſet cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

*Tyb.* Why, uncle, 'tis a ſhame.

1 *Cap.* Go to, go to,
You are a ſaucy boy:—Is't ſo indeed?——
This trick may chance to ſcathe you;—I know what.
You muſt contrary me! marry, 'tis time——
Well ſaid, my hearts:—You are a princox; go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for ſhame!—
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly my hearts.

*Tyb.* Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intruſion ſhall,
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. *If I profane with my unworthy hand*
[To Juliet.
*This holy ſhrine, the gentle fine is this——*
*My lips, two bluſhing pilgrims, ready ſtand*
*To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſs.*

*Jul.* Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhews in this;
For ſaints have hands that pilgrims hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiſs.

*Rom.* Have not ſaints lips, and holy palmers too?
*Jul.* Ay, pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.
*Rom.* O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, leſt faith turn to deſpair.
*Jul.* Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' ſake.
*Rom.* Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my ſin is purg'd.
[*Kiſſing her.*
*Jul.* Then have my lips the ſin that they have took.
*Rom.* Sin from my lips? O treſpaſs ſweetly urg'd!
Give me my ſin again.
*Jul.* You kiſs by the book.
*Nurſe.* Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
*Rom.* What is her mother?
*Nurſe.* Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good lady, and a wife and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.
*Rom.* Is ſhe a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
*Ben.* Away, begone; the ſport is at the beſt.
*Rom.* Ay, ſo I fear; the more is my unreſt.
1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling fooliſh banquet towards.——
Is it e'en ſo? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honeſt gentlemen; good night:
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, ſirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my reſt. [*Exeunt.*

# No. XXXIII.

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

## ACT IV. SCENE V.

*Juliet on her bed.*

*Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, Friar, Nurſe, Muſicians, &c.*

## Painted by Mr. OPIE, R. A.

---

*La. Cap.* What noiſe is here?
*Nurſe.* O lamentable day!
*La. Cap.* What's the matter?
*Nurſe.* Look, look! O heavy day!
*La Cap.* O me! O me!—my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

*Enter Capulet.*

*Cap.* For ſhame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
*Nurſe.* She's dead, deceas'd; ſhe's dead, alack the day!
*La. Cap.* Alack the day! ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead.
*Cap.* Ha! let me ſee her:—Out, alas! ſhe's cold;
Her blood is ſettled, and her joints are ſtiff;
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.
Accurſed time! unfortunate old man!
*Nurſe.* O lamentable day!

*La. Cap.* O woeful time!
*Cap.* Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me ſpeak.
*Enter Friar Laurence, and Paris, with Muſicians.*
*Fri.* Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
*Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return:—
O ſon, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflowered now by him.
Death is my ſon-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.
*Par.* Have I thought long to ſee this morning's face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this?
*La. Cap.* Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Moſt miſerable hour, that time e'er ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my ſight.
*Nurſe.* O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Moſt lamentable day! moſt woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!
*Par.* Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlain!
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!——
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!
*Cap.* Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'ſt thou now
To murder, murder our ſolemnity?——
O child! O child!—my ſoul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri.

Fri. *Peace, ho, for ſhame! confuſion's cure lives not*
*In theſe confuſions. Heaven and yourſelf*
*Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,*
*And all the better is it for the maid:*
*Your part in her you could not keep from death;*
*But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.*
*The moſt you ſought was—her promotion;*
*For 'twas your heaven ſhe ſhould be advanc'd:*
*And weep ye now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd,*
*Above the clouds, as high as heaven itſelf?*
*O, in this love, you love your child ſo ill,*
*That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well:*
*She's not well marry'd, that lives marry'd long;*
*But ſhe's beſt marry'd, that dies married young.*
*Dry up your tears, and ſtick your roſemary*
*On this fair corſe; and, as the cuſtom is,*
*In all her beſt array bear her to church:*
*For though fond nature bids us all lament,*
*Yet nature's tears are reaſon's merriment.*

*Cap.* All things, that we ordained feſtival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our inſtruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a ſad burial feaſt;
Our ſolemn hymns to ſullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers ſerve for a bury'd corſe,
And all things change them to the contrary.

*Fri.* Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, ſir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corſe unto her grave:
The heavens do low'r upon you for ſome ill;
Move them no more, by croſſing their high will.

# No. XXXIV.

# HAMLET,
## PRINCE OF DENMARK.

### ACT I. SCENE IV.

*The Platform before the Palace at Elſineur.*

*Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus, and the Ghoſt.*

Painted by Mr. FUSELI.

---

*Ham.* The air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold.
*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air.
*Ham.* What hour now?
*Hor.* I think, it lacks of twelve.
*Mar.* No, it is ſtruck.
*Hor.* Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near the ſeaſon,
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walk.
[*Noiſe of muſick within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
*Ham.* The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouſe,
Keeps waſſel, and the ſwaggering up-ſpring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The kettle-drum, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
*Hor.* Is it a cuſtom?
*Ham.* Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a cuſtom

More

More honour'd in the breach, than the obſervance.
This heavy-headed revel, eaſt and weſt,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chooſe his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of ſome complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or, by ſome habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plauſive manners;—that theſe men,—
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's ſtar,—
Their virtues elſe (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo)
Shall, in the general cenſure, take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of baſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of worth out,
To his own ſcandal.

*Enter Ghoſt.*

*Hor.* Look, my lord, it comes!

*Ham.* Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!—
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, anſwer me!
Let me not burſt in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cearments? why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean,—

That

That thou, dead corſe, again, in complete ſteel,
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we do?

*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

*Mar.* Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

*Hor.* No, by no means.

*Ham.* It will not ſpeak; then I will follow it.

*Hor.* Do not, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my ſoul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itſelf?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

*Hor.* What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord?
Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his baſe into the ſea?
And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
Which might deprive your ſovereignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? think of it:
The very place puts toys of deſperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea,
And hears it roar beneath.

*Ham.* It waves me ſtill:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.

*Mar.* You ſhall not go, my lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands.

*Hor.* Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.

*Ham.* My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.——

*Still am I call'd:—unhand me gentlemen;*
[Breaking from them.
*By heaven, I'll make a ghoſt of him that lets me:—*
*I ſay, away:—Go on,——I'll follow thee.*
[Exeunt Ghoſt, and Hamlet.

*Hor.* He waxes deſperate with imagination.
*Mar.* Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
*Hor.* Have after:—To what iſſue will this come?
*Mar.* Something is rotten in the ſtate of Denmark.
*Hor.* Heaven will direct it.
*Mar.* Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

A

## MODEL by Mr. BANKS, R. A.

### Of the intended ALTO RELIEVO, to be placed in the front of the GALLERY, towards PALLMALL.

THE Figures are to be placed at a conſiderable height, and will therefore be ſomewhat larger than Life—They repreſent SHAKSPEARE ſeated on a Rock, between Poetry and Painting. Poetry is on his right Hand, addreſſing SHAKSPEARE, and preſenting him with a Wreath of Bayes, while ſhe celebrates his Praiſe on her Lyre. Her Head is ornamented with a double Maſk, to ſhow ſhe has beſtowed the double power of Tragedy and Comedy upon her favourite Son. SHAKSPEARE is repreſented as liſtening to her with Pleaſure and Attention. On his left is Painting, who is addreſſing the Spectator, with one Hand extended towards SHAKSPEARE's Breaſt, pointing him out as the proper Object of her Pencil, while he leans his left Hand on her Shoulder, as if accepting her Aſſiſtance.

Class 10 Engravings.